

# THE GUY R

— Saturday, September 2, 1871. —



"Come at once to Irene"—p. 755.

## TRIED.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "A STORY OF VIONVILLE."

### CHAPTER XLVI

HOW do you feel to-day?" asked Dr. Fleming, as he sat down beside Mrs. Leigh, whose beautiful eyes still retained traces of the tears she had been shedding.

"She was wonderfully well in the morning," said Sydney, "but she has been quite upset since then, by May Bathurst's unkind proposal to leave her."

"Unkind!" exclaimed the doctor. "I think, Mrs.

Leigh, you and I should hardly let such a term as that be applied to Miss Bathurst, when we remember all she did for you during the first week of your illness, independent of anything else."

"Oh no, indeed!" exclaimed Irene; "I know she quite wore herself out for me then, and she has always been unspeakably kind to me. I shall be grateful to her as long as I live."

"And so shall I," said Sydney; "but it is precisely because she has been so valuable to us during my wife's illness, that I think it unkind in her to talk of leaving us before she is quite recovered. I hope, however, that she has already abandoned the idea."

He left the doctor with his patient as he spoke and went down to his studio, where Fleming joined him after his visit to Mrs. Leigh was over.

"How do you find my wife?" exclaimed Sydney, eagerly. "I felt quite afraid that she would suffer from that fit of hysterics."

"It has done her no material harm," answered the doctor. Then he turned round upon Sydney, and said abruptly, "Leigh, you must not prevent Miss Bathurst from going home."

"But why?" exclaimed Sydney; "I can see no possible reason why she should. She is a great comfort to Irene, and to me too, as I feel no responsibility about my wife when I know she is there; and at Combe Bathurst she has no one but that stupid old woman, Mrs. Denton, who cannot require her, I am sure."

There was a strong look of annoyance and displeasure on the doctor's face as he said, "Does it never occur to you, Leigh, that you are putting Miss Bathurst to an intolerable trial, when you force her to contemplate your happiness with your wife, considering the relations which existed between you formerly?"

"Why, no; such an idea never came across my mind. I have always felt convinced that May did not really care for me, or she could not so readily have made all those arrangements for my marriage with Irene. I have not the slightest doubt that, like myself, she thought our engagement a great mistake, and was as glad to escape from it as I was."

Dr. Fleming turned to the window with a heavy frown, and stood there, evidently debating some question anxiously in his own mind. At last he muttered to himself, "She will be subjected to a life-long persecution if I do not speak;" and once more facing Sydney, he said, very gravely, "Leigh, you ought to know the truth, and you shall, though it will involve some humiliation to myself to tell you how it is known to me. No man on earth has a better reason than I have for being certain that you are wholly mistaken. May Bathurst has loved you for years, with such a love as is rarely indeed felt by one human being for another, and she loves you still, with a desperate, clinging faithfulness which she cannot tear out of her heart, do what she will.

If you doubt me," he added, almost fiercely, "I will tell you how—I know it: because, for your sake she has, within this last month, crushed into the very dust the one only hope and wish I ever cherished for my own happiness in life. I loved her, Sydney Leigh, though you did not, before ever, a mere child, you bound her to you; and I have continued to love her through all the years of the engagement, which I well understood was a simple matter of expediency on your part; in the days when her heart was almost broken by her separation from you, even while, with unexampled generosity, she was giving half her fortune to facilitate your marriage with another; and up to the present time, when, deceived by the calm she had won in giving up all earthly hopes, I thought it possible she might be willing to exchange her life of loneliness for a home where she would have met with ceaseless devotion, and all the comfort of those ties which most make existence dear to a woman's heart. But, though she did not hide from me the bitterness of her desolation—though she knew that she was dealing to me a crushing blow, yet she told me that she was powerless to free herself from the one love that had ruled her life; that, lost as you were to her for ever, still for your sake she could never be the wife of any man on earth. You never understood her, Leigh—you never appreciated her; you little knew what a noble heart it was which you flung away in your madness."

"I did not indeed," said Sydney, thoughtfully. "If this be true which you tell me, as I fear it is, for I remember now—"

He checked himself abruptly. Not even to Fleming could he speak of anything in his past intercourse with May which indicated the nature of her feelings towards him. After a moment he went on: "I thank you heartily for having told me all this, Fleming, intensely painful as it is, and bitterly as it makes me ashamed of myself; but it will greatly guide me in my future conduct."

"Of course you will be most careful what you say to Miss Bathurst in withdrawing your opposition to her departure," said the doctor, almost sternly; "but you can tell her I have explained to you, what is indeed the fact, that her health absolutely demands country air and rest after all the fatigue she has undergone."

"Yes, indeed, that must necessarily be the case. I have been abominably selfish not to think of it before; but my wife has been so nearly lost to me, I have been unable to dwell on anything but what was best for her. You may trust me, Fleming, now, at all events, and I thank you again for your plain speaking."

That evening, when Sydney came into the room where May Bathurst was watching beside his sleeping wife, he said to her very gently, "Dear May, Dr. Fleming has been telling me that your health requires change of air and rest, after your arduous

and devoted attendance on Irene, and I blame myself exceedingly for not having thought of it sooner, and especially for having been such a savage as I was to you this morning. Pray forgive me, and you must attribute it to your own exceeding kindness, which has made you so invaluable to us all here. I quite understand that I owe Irene's life to you, and I do not know how to express my gratitude sufficiently."

"Oh, I am only so thankful she has been restored to you!" said May, looking up with her clear, truthful eyes; "but I think she can spare me now, and I do wish to go home if you will not think it unkind."

"No, indeed, I shall not; if it must be, I will try to prepare Irene for it at once."

"Perhaps I was too abrupt in speaking of going to-morrow, and after her fit of excitement this afternoon it might be too much for her; but as to-day is Thursday, I will fix to go on Monday if you prefer it, and she will then have time to get accustomed to the idea."

"Thanks a thousand times! I should indeed be glad of a few days' respite for her; if you decide on this, it will be best, I think, that I should say nothing on the subject to her for a little time, till she has quite recovered from her agitation this afternoon, and I can gently prepare her for your departure before the day actually comes."

So it was settled, and May had not the faintest suspicion of the nature of Dr. Fleming's communication to Sydney Leigh, though she was conscious that he had returned in some degree to his former tenderness of manner towards her, and the mingled sadness and sweetness of the feelings it roused in her made her only the more ardently desire to return home.

The next two or three days passed very slowly away for May Bathurst. Irene was quite happy again, and seemed to have completely forgotten that anything had been said about her friend's departure. Sydney did not stay so much as usual in his wife's room, but when there he was extremely gentle, and almost reverential, in his mode of treating May; and Fleming, during his daily visits, would look at her anxiously from under his bushy eyebrows with a disturbed and uneasy expression.

Sunday was an overpoweringly hot day; every one felt it to be very trying, but Irene, in her weakness, seemed quite unable to bear it. She was excessively restless, and to some extent feverish, and towards evening she became so ill at ease that she insisted on being moved into another room, in the hope that she might find the air cooler there.

The doctor had never yet allowed her to undergo any exertion, beyond that of being lifted from her bed to the sofa, and both Sydney and May strongly opposed her making so great a change without his leave, which could not be obtained, as they knew he had gone to visit a patient in the country. But the heat had told upon her nerves, and she was

really incapable of self-control. After urging her wish with a vehemence which exhausted her strength, she began to grow so hysterical that Sydney thought it best to yield, and lifting her light figure in his arms, he carried her into the next room, and laid her on the sofa. The change seemed to amuse and please her, and she became very much excited, talking and laughing a great deal more than May thought good for her, and it ended in Irene's refusing to go to bed till much later than her usual hour.

The next morning May was dressed early, and busily engaged in preparing for her much-desired return home that day. She was to go by a morning train, as Sydney considered it best that his wife should only hear of the arrangement when her friend was actually starting. It was a beautiful summer day, and May thought with a feeling of intense relief that she would soon be alone once more among the quiet woods of Combe Bathurst, where she would be free from the influence of that once-beloved presence, which still had power to stir the passionate depths of her heart with hopeless pain.

But suddenly there came a sharp, quick knock at her door, and Sydney's voice was heard calling to her in accents of alarm. She hastened out of her room and found him standing in the passage pale and haggard, and with an expression of distress and terror on his face.

"May, do pray come at once to Irene, I fear she is most seriously worse; she has had a very bad night, and now has awakened from a short, uneasy sleep quite delirious. I have sent for Fleming; but I can hardly keep her in bed, she flings herself about so much—do come."

It needed not that he should ask her twice. In an instant she was at his wife's bedside, and gazed appalled at the change a few hours had made. Irene's bright blue eyes were blazing with fever, her cheeks scarlet, and from her parched lips was passing a torrent of incoherent words about her father and Xanthi and her infant Chione, whom she fancied some one was stealing from her. She tried continually to get out of bed to go to her child, but when May had it brought into the room in the hope of quieting her, she did not recognise it, and still struggled to escape from Sydney's hold to go and find it.

The simple remedies May ventured to try failed to quiet her, and when Fleming arrived in haste, May saw at once by his face that he thought the case most serious. And so, in truth, it was. Sydney might say it was the result of over-exertion the day before, and the doctor might explain his patient's condition scientifically; but the old nurse, who had the charge of the infant, spoke the plain, though in a sense mysterious, truth when she drew May Bathurst out of the room, and said to her, "Take my word for it, miss, the poor lady's stricken for death, and not all the doctors in the world can save her;

God's hand's upon her, and he is drawing her out of this world as fast as she can go."

Of course, any idea of May's departure was out of the question now, she would not have wished it herself, but at once took up her post again by the bedside of Sydney's wife, and even Dr. Fleming did not ask her to do more than take the most absolutely necessary rest. She never quitted Irene's room, and only occasionally slumbered for half an hour in an easy chair by her side, when the patient herself was sleeping.

But it was seldom, indeed, that the wandering blue eyes were closed; ever from side to side they roamed in the weary restlessness of delirium, and never did they give a glance of recognition to husband or to child. The associations of her sense of suffering through all the bewilderment of her mind, sent her thoughts ever back to the miserable days when she and her father were well-nigh starving, and often she would call out as if to tell Xanthi that a lady was come to help them who was like an angel of goodness. In vain Sydney would implore of her to speak to him—the poor babbling lips would murmur his name sometimes, but always as one who was to be Miss Bathurst's husband, and whom it was a sin in her to love.

It would be hard to tell whether this was most painful to the pale watcher at Irene's side, or to the husband who had sacrificed so much to win this treasure, now slipping out of his grasp, in spite of all his efforts to retain her; but both were condemned to sit and listen to it, masking their feelings as best they might.

So passed a few days of wearing anxiety and watching—beautiful July days they were outside—the golden sunshine was filling the world with glory, and the starlit nights were almost as brilliant in their tempered radiance—but no tokens of the summer loveliness came to the worn watchers in the sick-room; except the flowers which Sydney one day brought to try and wake some pleasure in Irene at sight of the lilies she used to love so well, but she only asked him with a cry of despair if that was May's wedding-wreath he had brought, and if she was never to see him again when he was married to her rival! and then he flung the flowers out of the window, and, heedless of May's presence, clasped his wife in his arms, and asked her if she did not know he loved her, and her only, now and for ever.

Sydney alone, of all who watched over Irene Leigh, had any hope that her life would be spared; he could not, would not, admit that it was possible she was really going from him—so young, so beautiful—his bride of one short year! He seized upon every fluctuation of her malady, as a token of amendment, and at last, one evening, when she had sunk into a specially quiet slumber, with her head on May's shoulder, who was supporting her in her arms, he whispered in a tone of delight that he was certain

she had passed the crisis, and would recover now rapidly, as she was so much quieter than she had been since the fever set in.

"She is certainly breathing very gently and softly," said May. "I do feel almost hopeful to-night. Will you not go and lie down while she sleeps? You had no rest at all last night, and you must be very tired."

"Not more than you are, I fear. Does it not fatigue you to support her in your arms in that way?"

"Oh no! I am only too glad that she can rest in this attitude, after the terrible uneasiness she seemed to be feeling before; if she continues to sleep as peacefully till the doctor comes, I do trust he will be able to say he thinks her better."

"There can be no doubt of that; she has not been so quiet for days. When did Fleming say he would come?"

"At midnight, and it is now past ten. So you might, perhaps, have one full hour's rest if you would leave this hot room and trust to me to call you if she wakes."

"It would be more fitting that you should rest than I; but I know you would not risk breaking that blessed sleep by any movement; so I will go and lie down on the sofa in the next room for a little time; I shall be within hearing if you call."

And with a fond, lingering look on the lovely face of his wife, as she lay with her head gently pillowed on May's breast, Sydney Leigh left the room.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

MAY BATHURST remained alone, motionless and silent, with her arms wrapped round the slender form of Irene Leigh. The strange restlessness of the sufferer for some hours previously had been most distressing; she had appeared unable to find ease in any position, tossing wildly to and fro, and seeming to make inarticulate appeals for help to the watchers who knew not how to relieve her; at last, May, pushing back the pillows, had seated herself on the bed, and taking Irene in her arms, had tried to hush her like a child to sleep; and gradually the nameless uneasiness seemed to pass away, and Irene had sunk into the calm, deep slumber, from which her husband hoped so much.

The room was in darkness, save for a shaded lamp placed behind the bed, that the light might not fall on the sleeper's face; but the curtain was partially drawn back from one of the windows, so that one or two bright stars could be seen shimmering in the deep blue sky of that calm summer night. There was not a sound, for Irene's breathing was so soft and low that it could scarce be heard, and as May sat there in the solemn stillness, through the slowly-passing time strange, unearthly thoughts seemed to rise in her mind, as if under some mysterious in-



fluence which she felt, but could not define; the world and all the things of it appeared to vanish into nothingness; life became but the shadow of a shade, encompassing, as it were, for a time, the immortal soul, whose true existence was in the dread realities that lay beyond this narrow visible horizon. It seemed to her in that hour a marvellous thing that any one should give a thought to the joys, or fears, or hopes of this mortal state, when it mattered absolutely nothing how the brief struggle was passed, if only it led to the eternal calm which lies around the great white throne, and Him who sits thereon. She felt almost as if she had herself passed the boundary of this material earth, and entered in some mysterious sense into the awful atmosphere of purity and reality that broods over the deathless shores; so paltry and worthless now seemed all she had desired or regretted in her brief career, so completely did all life's treasures seem to shrivel into ashes, and only God and his eternal love remain. Gradually a strange sense of awe thrilled her from head to foot; she felt as if there were a dread, unseen presence all around her. She scarce dared raise her eyes or breathe. Meantime it appeared to her that Irene's head grew very heavy on her breast, and she could not distinguish her breathing in the awful stillness. There crept a mysterious chill through the warm, summer air, and she was conscious that there had been, as it were, one faint, low sigh that had floated out through the open window, and passed away into the dark night beyond.

Heavily, slowly the moments dropped away, and the watcher felt as if she had been recalled to earth, when, at last, the solemn silence was broken by the doctor's quiet tread, as he advanced into the room.

May could not speak or move. He drew near the bed, and looked at the burden which she held in her arms; then instantly he went and brought the lamp

and held it up, so that its rays fell on the bed with vivid power. A moment's contemplation was enough. He placed the light on the table and bowed his head solemnly, in recognition of the will which had been accomplished on the life he had tried to retain on earth. Then, very gently, he lifted the unresisting form out of May's stiffened arms, and tenderly laid the heavy head upon the pillow, where the bright hair fell like a halo of glory round the white upturned face. This done, he whispered softly to the yet motionless watcher, "You know what has occurred, do you not? God has taken her home."

Yes, it was even so; in silence and in secrecy the mighty mystery had been accomplished. Scarce had the passing of the soul stirred a breath upon the summer air, but already it had gone beyond the stars to reap the gathered wisdom of departed generations, and to solve, with its first immortal glance, the problems that haunt men with their inexorable secrets from the cradle to the grave.

The brief conflict was over for young Irene Leigh; no more of love, or hope, or passionate regret; no more of human tears or smiles. The mourners may weep or rave around her, but that sweet young face will wear its awful look of deep mysterious calm, till the grave has closed over its peerless beauty and hidden it from mortal sight for ever.

May felt stunned, and as if in a dream. She staggered, and could scarcely stand when she rose from the bed where Sydney's wife had died in her arms. She could only stretch out her hands to Fleming, and say in a choking voice, "Will you tell him? I cannot;" and then, feeling as if she were blind and deaf to all sights and sounds of earth, she stumbled on to her own room, and shutting herself in it, fell on her knees by the side of her bed, with her head sunk upon her arms.

(To be continued.)

## NOT NOW, BUT AFTERWARDS.

BY THE REV. RALPH DALY COCKING, M.A., INCUMBENT OF TRINITY CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

JOHN xiii. 33, 34, 35.

**T**HE Master had told his disciples in affectionate and tender words—"Whither I go, ye cannot come;" and pointed out to them that though the way he was then going was one peculiar to himself—one on which he alone could walk—there was a way, the more excellent way of love, which it was theirs to traverse for the present; and in that way of love they would realise his way of the cross leading to his way of glory.

The ever-ready voice of Simon Peter, to whose zealous and loving impatience we owe many of the divinest utterances of the Redeemer, was

heard on this occasion urging the question—"Lord, whither goest thou?" It was the language of surprise, not perhaps altogether free from selfish regret—regret for the loneliness and solitude which his absence would create for those who had left all to follow him—surprise that there was any road which the Master's feet could tread, on which his could not humbly follow.

But Simon, however deeply earnest his loyalty, his attachment, his love for Christ, had not rightly measured his own strength, or attained to the knowledge of his own heart's weakness—a knowledge which each man acquires sooner or later for himself, but which is seldom attained save in the rough school of affliction, temptation,

or change—a school through which Peter had yet to pass.

The Divine mind of Christ, knowing the disciple far better than the disciple knew himself, and having a truth to reveal reaching farther than the limits of the present time or discourse, and which had a bearing on the interests and destinies of the Church for after ages, replies, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards." By knowing whither Christ was going, and for what, we come to know why it was impossible that his journey could be other than solitary. "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." This is the answer to Simon's question, and herein is stated, not only the purpose of the Lord's *departure*, but the objects, too, of his first and second *advents*. For this was the mystery of the incarnation wrought; for this each successive stage of the incarnate journey, from Bethlehem to Calvary, from Calvary to the Mount of Olivet, on which his feet stood in the moment of ascension, was accomplished. "I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." In this it is obvious none could follow Christ. In this he, the God-man, must be sublimely alone. It was not that Peter or other lovers and believers in Jesus could never, in any manner or at any time, follow him whither he was going then, but simply "Thou canst not follow me *now*. Thou canst not follow me now, as I go to the Father in the time or manner, or with the purpose peculiar to me; but in the time and manner of God's appointment thou shalt follow me afterwards. Thou canst not follow me now."

And what Christ said to Peter might have been addressed with like force and equal truth to the highest and purest seraph at God's right hand; for there was that in the work and purposes of the Redeemer in which none could attend or follow him. No companionships of earth, no angel partner from on high could share the weariness or lessen the solitude of that way. He must tread the wine-press alone. The nature of the work, as well as the stupendous issues dependent on it, precluded the idea or possibility of another having part or lot therein. It must be Jesus only.

There was a world to be redeemed from sin; there was reconciliation to be effected between the All-holy and the all-sinful; there remained to be solved that most wondrous and paradoxical of problems, that God should be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly—just in punishing with its own natural consequence the sin of the fallen, and yet the justifier, the acquitter, of those who had sinned, and, while guarding and respecting justice, to be toward them in mercy as though

they had never sinned at all. There was a wine-press of wrath to be trodden, wherein all the toil, the agony, and passion should be for him who trod, and all the overflowings of richest sustenance, life, and peace for those in whose stead he suffered. There was the sting to be taken from death, and the grave to be spoiled of its triumph over a *fallen*, by the now triumph of a *risen* humanity, which, in the person of Christ, the second Adam, had to be replaced on its high throne of original dignity, from which, by no will or decree of the good Creator, it fell, through the first Adam's sin, to the lowest depths of disadvantage and dishonour.

All this had to be effected for man with God by One who while man yet was God. As the two natures, the Divine and human, were those essentially affected by the fall—the Divine nature, inasmuch as it was offended, the human, inasmuch as it was fallen—therefore, in those natures blended, and victorious over sin on the theatre on which sin had been victorious over man, consisted the world's salvation—was found the solution of the most mysterious of spiritual problems, and the source of highest glory to God. "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him," was the Redeemer's own interpretation of the mystery of the cross—the mystery of the way which he must tread alone. And does it not follow that if the Son of Man was, from the nature of the case, thus unapproachably and necessarily alone in doing on earth the work which for us men ended in salvation, he must still and for ever remain alone in the crowning and completion of that work in heaven; in his ever-living intercession at the throne; in the ceaseless pleadings of his love; in the mystical presentation of the rich merits of his sacrifice? In this the Church cannot follow—cannot accompany him; in this she cannot interfere, except to make it known. "The work that is done upon earth"—yea, and the work that is being done in heaven—"he doeth it himself."

But apart from the considerations arising out of the nature of the case, there were others, as we may gather, influencing the mind of the Redeemer in refusing to Peter and other disciples the privilege of an immediate share in the journey he was about to make, in the cross he was about to bear, and in the glory into which he was in consequence about to enter. The disciples were not yet fitted for the journey, for the cross, for the glory. They were weak, and none weaker than he who, in the rash venture of love, asks, "Why cannot I follow thee now?"

This weakness of faith, of love, of zeal for Christ, which culminated on the day when "all the disciples forsook him, and fled," needed the

breath and fire and illumination of Pentecost to impart strength and truest courage in the Redeemer's cause. The Spirit had not yet been given, because Christ had not yet been glorified; and until the Spirit were given, a Peter and a John could no more glorify Christ than any others upon earth. The baptism of the Holy Ghost, which is essentially a baptism of fire, dissolving out all that is weak and valueless and poor in the raw material of the human mind, and refining out and purifying and enriching all that is by nature good and noble and true, rendering it better, nobler, truer still, by the process, first of separation—separating the good and the pure from the evil and the selfish—and then imparting to it a new character, stamping upon it as it emerges, warm and molten from the fires, a new image, the image of Him for whose service it has thus been minted, and sending it out upon the world the representative of a new idea, the instrument of a new spiritual commerce—this was the baptism which the disciples received, so that what was true, as spoken beforehand by Christ concerning weakness and cowardice, ceased to be applicable after the Spirit of Pentecost had entered in, renewed, re-cast, and re-invigorated their hearts. And this very difference between their present and future spiritual state, as shadowed forth by Christ, spoke his Divine knowledge of those hearts as they were, and a prophetic insight into those hearts as they should afterwards become. After Pentecost it was no longer true—"thou canst not follow me *now*." The tongue of Peter, which had filtered in the high priest's palace, and, in weak profanity, had uttered blasphemies in thrice denial of his condemned and insulted Master, "afterwards" spoke forth in tones of boldest eloquence and resistless power the richest truths of the cross, and, in the hearing of prejudiced authority, spoke, like the three children of old in *their* fiery baptism, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." The heart of Peter, which "now" had been daunted by a maiden, could not "afterwards" be deterred by a Nero; and he who found it easy to deny his Lord at Jerusalem found it easier still to die for him at Rome. His "afterwards" had then come, to follow and therefore to glorify Christ; but it came not one hour before he was duly fitted, duly ready for the cross.

And the interval between the "afterwards" at Rome and the "now" at Jerusalem was filled, was crowded in with witnessings for Christ—his divinity, his perfect humanity, his death, and, above all, his resurrection, of which Peter and the others had been privileged witnesses, and on which fact the essential and distinctive truths of the Christian creed depend, being at once the proof, and

containing within itself the element, of the supernatural in religion—that element against which the world has ever warred, and against which it might in reason, and perhaps with success, have warred, had there not been a Peter, a John, a Thomas left behind, to stand forth in the presence of Judaism and heathen philosophies, as personal witnesses, personal vindicators, of the fact, the truth of which they were ready to assert at the expense of their lives. This they could not have done had the Redeemer gratified the wish expressed by one, but felt by all—to follow him at the cross; and the truth of the resurrection, left to the mercy of Jewish unbelief and Roman paganism, would, humanly speaking, have had but slender hopes of being received or credited, or even known among mankind.

The disciples' Lord had, therefore, good reason for not granting their request at the time it was preferred. And this principle of postponement, if it may be so termed—in things spiritual, like all other of the Divine plans, whenever God sees fit thus to order and permit—is, as we may assume, characterised and sanctioned by the holiest and most infallible wisdom—a wisdom which is ever justified and proven by the issue of events, and is also a principle in which the Church may find comfort in times of disappointments and apparent failures in her work, and from which she may, under such disappointments and failures, derive no small hope and encouragement for the future.

A vast field of work, of toil, of enterprise, lies before the Christian Church. There are kingdoms to be won for the Lord, and for his Christ; ancient civilisations, reposing on false creeds, and animated by a perverted morality, to be reanimated by the higher life of the Gospel, and elevated by the exalting power of a true religion; there are superstitions to be reasoned down, by which the finest as well as the most degenerate human minds, unlearned in a revelation from on high, are degraded and enchained; there is the heathenism of Christian countries, and there are the vices of civilisation to be conquered. Looking out upon all this, seeing how much has yet to be done, how little has even been attempted, remembering the promise of the ever-presence of the Holy Ghost, knowing that it is only by upholding the cross before the souls of men they can be drawn to God, recalling the Master's words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"—feeling, believing, knowing all this, the zeal and love of the Church would fain do all for Christ "*now*." Her language is that of Simon Peter—"Lord, why cannot I follow thee *now* in the way of the cross to a universal spreading of the knowledge of thy love, thy saving health among all nations? Why need there be delay

in that which is so needed for man, and would be so glorious to God? Why cannot I follow thee now?"

And such questions are ever finding expression in each freshly-stimulated effort in promotion of Gospel extension, and the spreading of Gospel light and love. The Church, in longing to do all *now*, is enabled to accomplish something *afterwards*. And it has been the experience of the eighteen centuries of Christianity, as it is still the comfort of the Church to know, that if God see fit, so to speak, to postpone the accomplishment of his gracious purposes towards man—if it is *afterwards*, and not *now*, that the rich promises and purposes of love are to be developed and fulfilled—not only is it in perfect consistency with the operation of that law, whereby revelation in its extension is a gradual thing, but it is a necessary and essential part of that law; so that in any place where there has been a lengthened delay before the introduction of Christianity it is found that grace has not been idle, that God, in mysterious ways, has been silently but surely preparing a place for his Church—preparing that people's heart for the reception of truth, just as the Roman Empire was in a measure prepared, through the course of events, social, political, and religious, for the advent of the Son of God. Whether it be by commercial intercourse drawing nations together, and thus dispelling international antipathies and prejudice of race, or by an increased knowledge of languages, through which each other's history and literature become familiar, or by the growth of the human mind directed invisibly by God's own hand in that direction, it is a matter of fact that the shadows of the cross—in the secondary influences of an improving civilisation, better laws, humane treatment of the poor, the sick, the aged, the elevation of woman—have fallen upon shores which the cross itself, as an instrument of salvation, has not yet reached, but which will, for those reasons, have a comparatively more certain triumph, through this very season of postponement, which God so wisely and lovingly ordains shall prove a season of preparation.

The Church, therefore, should take heart—as she looks out on the still vast and uncultivated tracts

of heathenism, and longs to bear the cross through it all, at once, and learn that if wisdom do not grant it *now*, love will perform it *afterwards*; afterwards, when through richer and ever-richer gifts of Pentecost, the qualifications and grace for the high task committed to her by her ascended Lord are more and more deepened and developed.

Meanwhile, hers it is to go forward on the appointed path of opposition, disappointment, and apparent failure, witnessing, like Simon Peter, for Christ, for the truth, the power of his atonement, resurrection, and ascension—a witness which probably God foresaw might have been weakened, or corrupted, or lost among mankind had Christianity been a universal revelation for all men and all places simultaneously—if, in other words, it had not been “afterwards,” but “now;” the very gradual nature, the postponement, of its extension, the difficulties, the oppositions in its path of triumph, being the truest guarantee of its continued purity, its guarded sanctity, and its perpetual witness.

And, in the experience of Christian lives too, has not this desire to be with Christ *now* been oftentimes overruled in the otherwise ordering of God, that it shall not be “now,” but “afterwards?” To the eye of the stander-by, and perhaps in the heart and wish of the Christian who is anxious to be with Christ, there may seem no reason why the spirit should not return *now* to the God who gave it. Faith is strong, love is deep, hope is bright, and on the dove-wings of an assured and everlasting peace heaven would gladly be reached. But God sees otherwise. He sees that there is more work yet for it to do; more sufferings yet for it to bear; more dross to be refined away by fresher fires of fresher Pentecosts; more souls for it to win to Christ by prayer and presence and influence; and, therefore, that there are higher joys reserved at God's right hand, for which it will thus be fitted in that heaven whose joys are but the religious joys of earth extended and enriched, and where they who have followed Jesus in the way of the cross *now*, shall follow and be with him in the way of the crown *afterwards*.

## H A R K !

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.



HARK!—I listen with hand on my breast,  
To still the beat of my heart.  
Oh, rustling leaves, for an instant rest;  
And, bird, keep silence within your nest—  
I am waiting with lips apart.

Old tree, thou never canst thrill as I  
With hope and expectancy;  
Yet your leaflets flutter when breezes sigh,  
As if a lover were drawing nigh,  
And so thou mayest feel for me.





(Drawn by HARRIET PATERSON.)

"Hark!—I listen with hand on my breast,  
To still the beat of my heart"—p. 760.

Birdie, singing of love to thy mate,  
 Knowest thou nought of the pain  
 To listen trembling, to watch and wait,  
 To feel each moment full of fate,  
 To look for thy loved in vain?

Oh, linnet and leaves be quiet awhile,  
 And list for my love with me;  
 I shall hear his foot ere he crosses the stile,  
 And know if he bring me a tear or a smile,  
 So vocal his step to me.

Hark! he is coming. Ah, no! not yet,  
 Oh, tremulous heart, be still!  
 He will not, cannot, his word forget,

Is sure to be here ere sun has set,  
 Unless— Ah! keep him from ill!

Bird, thy jubilant carol restrain,  
 For my pulse beats out of tune,—  
 My temples ache with a leaden pain;  
 Suppose he should never come again;  
 Love—life—should end ere noon!

Hark! he is coming, he is coming now!  
 How foolish my fears have been!  
 Let me smooth my hair from my flushing brow,  
 And, bird, sing out from thy leafy bough,  
 For joy comes with him I ween!

## THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY.

### CHAPTER XV.



"HATTY, I never knew such nonsense; come down and see him," said Mrs. Deene. George Baylis had run up from Portsmouth for a day, and was spending a couple of hours with the Deenes.

"No, mamma; I can't come down. I don't like George Baylis, and never shall again."

"But it makes it so unpleasant for us all, and he will not like to come to the house again." But she persisted in her refusal. The fact was, though she was not really angry with him, as she pretended to be, still she would not, by making friends with him, appear to acknowledge her own error. And yet, when the door being left open for a minute, she heard the artilleryman speaking, she listened rather eagerly to the sound of his voice. "It makes me think of Welling," she said to herself; "and he always had a pleasant voice." Presently she heard him go, and the street-door close after him. "Why, he can't have gone already! Yes, he has;" and, going to the window, she watched him quite out of sight. "He doesn't look half so awkward as he used. Perhaps some day I will forgive him; only I can't get over his meanness, and of course I shall never forget Harold." She had to remind herself often lately of her resolution never to forget the latter; for though she would not own it even to herself, the old love was dying out. It had grown almost entirely from admiration; but when she saw him as he really was, then the foundation on which it had been built gave way, and as time went on tottered and fell.

"Here's a letter for you, Chatty; it's George Baylis's writing," said Maria, on the afternoon following his visit. Somehow Maria, had been very quiet and preoccupied all that day. She had amused herself in the morning by making a rice cake, which had been burnt to a cinder, through sheer careless-

ness—a thing which had never occurred to her before.

"George Baylis!" exclaimed Chatty, as Maria went out of the room; "why, what can it be about?" He had written to tell her how vexed he was to think that by his visit the day before he had caused her any annoyance. He had thought that perhaps she might have forgiven him, but he would never come even in that hope again. "I shall try and exchange," he went on, "and go abroad; but in any case I will never enter your father's house again, unless—which I fear will never happen—you yourself invite me." Then, too generous to remind her how he had been in the right about Harold Greyson, he asked her to forget the harm he had done her. "I assure you on my word," he said, "it was unintentional, and however much you may blame me, I have only this defence to make, that I was carried away by the excitement of the moment, and my excuse must ever be that—I love you."

"After all he was in the right," acknowledged Chatty, at last, "though I don't mean to confess it. Poor George! I believe he really does care for me. How silly I am!" and she tore the letter in half, and then put it together again, and read it a second time, and with the perversity of her sex, lingered over the words, "I love you;" and taking up a pair of scissors, she cut them out. "He certainly must care for me very much," she said; and pulling out the locket she still wore hidden round her neck, she opened it, and put inside it the words constituting George Baylis's defence. "I kept the locket out of friendship; besides, I have grown fond of the trinket, and I will keep this bit of paper out of—well, I don't quite know. Oh, there you are, Maria; now we'll do our work. These curtains will never be hemmed if we don't make an effort."

"Is that George's letter torn in half?" asked Maria, astonished.

"Yes, of course it is;" and out of pure contradic-

tion, Chatty commenced getting into one of her overbearing tempers. "Of course it is. He wanted me to forgive him. Wasn't it absurd?"

"It really is too bad of you, Chatty," said Maria. "With all your faults you were always good-hearted, and I shall begin to think you are not even that soon."

"I don't care—he told," said Chatty, rapidly getting into her very worst humour. "And they would not let me marry the man I liked, and so I won't make it up with George. If he is ever such a good match, I don't care, and I won't marry any one."

"I don't see what that has to do with it. Though I think they were in the right, as events ought to have proved to you by this time."

"No, they haven't," replied Chatty, obstinately. "And I wish you wouldn't talk 'proper.' They only wouldn't let me marry Harold because I liked him. If it had been some one without any spirit, and an income which he lived within because he was too stingy to spend it, they would have consented to it, and blessed us, and done all sorts of things. Then, of course, he would have been true to me. They would have been delighted if it had been that horrid Prawn, for instance."

"That's a very disrespectful way of speaking," said Maria, suddenly to Chatty's astonishment getting in a rage. "And I will not allow you to speak of Mr. Dyce in that manner."

"You! why, what have you to do with it?"

"Because"—and Maria drew herself up—"because Mr. Dyce proposed to me this morning, and he is going to be my husband."

"Your husband!" and she opened her eyes to their widest extent. "Are you going to have a husband?"

"And why shouldn't I, pray?"

"Oh! I don't care; have six to choose from, if you like, and all of them Prawns."

"Chatty!" said Maria, provoked beyond bearing, "I will not stand this any longer. A prawn is a fish."

"Very well; then he's a fish too!"

"Here, stop this," said the Irrepressible, coming to the rescue; "a prawn is not a fish, so you are both wrong. There's Denby coming up the street, and I know he's coming here."

"Tell Mary to say we are engaged," said Chatty. "There, that's one bit of spite. I know he came to tea."

Then the Irrepressible escaped, and the two girls did their work, and looked very dignified, and sat very upright, and pretended to take great interest in the curtains they were hemming, carefully avoiding looking at each other. Presently Chatty glanced

stealthily at Maria, and saw that she was very grave, and did not dare look up, for her eyes were full of tears; so the girl's better feeling came to her aid, and jumping up, she put her arms round her sister's neck, and asked for her forgiveness humbly and entreatingly.

"I am so sorry, darling—I am indeed. It was my horrid, horrid temper. I never used to be so. I didn't mean it, dear. You know I didn't mean it, and I will never call Pr—— him a Prawn again. I will call him Charlie forthwith, as he's to be my brother. There, dear, you are not angry now, are you?"

"No, of course not," said Maria, smiling.

"Your poor old brown eyes are bubbling over with tears, though, and yet you are smiling. You are quite sure we have made it up, are you not, dear?"

"Yes, quite;" and so the squabble ended.

And a little later, when Chatty had a nervous headache one day, and could hardly move or stir, Prawn brought a song within very easy compass, and with a few remarks about the time it should be played in, gave it to her, and hoped she would soon be well enough to sing it. She went quite into raptures. "I declare, Maria, it will be a blessing to have such a thoughtful creature in the family. I am so sorry I used to be so rude to him. I could positively hug him, to make amends for it, if it would do him any good."

"There's no occasion for that," said Maria, un- easily; "he understands all your little ways, dear."

"Oh, does he? I wish I did myself, then, for it seems to me I don't know myself in the least;" and she looked at her song with great satisfaction. "And I would give all the world if Molly would only turn up. I can't think what has become of her."

A day or two afterwards Molly did "turn up," though certainly not in the way Chatty expected. A note came one morning directed to Miss C. Deene, and opening it, Chatty read, written very badly—

*"Mrs. Walbrook is very ill, and says will you please mind coming directly?"*

And there was the address—19, Henton Street, Edgware Road.

"I will go this afternoon!" she exclaimed.

"Where is Henton Street?"

"I know it," replied the Irrepressible. "It is a street off the Edgware Road, towards Marylebone, and a dirty place it is too."

"Poor Molly!" said Chatty. "From Camden Town to a dirty street off the Edgware Road. That is Richard's 'West End,' I suppose."

(To be continued.)

## THE LAST SUNDAY IN DEVONSHIRE-SQUARE CHAPEL.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT MEETING-HOUSES," ETC. ETC.



**O**N the morning of Easter Sunday in the present year, we breakfasted betimes in a distant suburb, and then hurried citywards for the purpose of attending the last service, as advertised, in a sanctuary time-honoured, it is true, but one which time has also encompassed with very undesirable surroundings. As, we presume, more persons are acquainted with Devonshire Square Chapel by name, than with its site and neighbourhood by actual experience, the reader will please turn with us up "an indifferent good thoroughfare," as Stow would call it, nearly facing Bishopsgate Church, and which leads direct to the square, but not to the chapel. Indeed we may here search in vain for the object of our destination. We have even heard of persons who have proceeded thus far, and then returned, baffled and disappointed. There is a respectable open space, quiet and sombre in the Sabbath morning, bounded on the east by the Metropolitan Free Hospital, and on the other three sides by just such mansions as the citizens of old loved to possess as their homes. Anon we approach a forbidding-looking arch, whence issues a volume of sound neither Sunday-like nor reassuring, but which is rather calculated to put to the blush the confusion of ancient Babel. We are on the confines of Petticoat Lane, or Rag Fair, and as it would seem, of civilisation also; for the din we heard before able to distinguish its origin is made up of a mingled jargon—the profanity of Jewish clothes-dealers, and the ribald obscenity of Gentile buyers. Time was when these low traffickers extended their market to the very doors of the house of God; but, thanks to iron railings, and to the practice of stopping the thoroughfare on Sundays, the "Lane" fraternity no longer desecrate the chapel-yard.

If we enter the chapel a few minutes before service-time, an opportunity will be afforded of inspecting the building, and of picturing to ourselves what this locality must have appeared like when William Kiffin and his followers selected it as a site whereon to erect a Christian landmark.

The present chapel, the second erected on the same ground, superseded the original structure in 1829, when one of its admirers congratulated his brethren on being privileged to speak in "a cathedral." Thus humble-minded was a former generation in such matters; for the most partial eye now-a-days, viewing it from the confined yard, or from the aisles within, cannot discover aught of architectural beauty in this dingy pile—especially

dingy since its windows were bought and bricked up for the benefit of a huge warehouse at the side. The time of removal has not come a day too soon; for, in consequence of its worn-out situation, and the hubbub without at service-time, it has been said that even Gabriel himself would fail in attracting a congregation into this once celebrated sanctuary.

But the service now begins, and the preacher—Mr. Henderson, the pastor—appears to be somewhat affected at the singular nature of the occasion which has attracted so many old friends together. The discourse, founded on words occurring in the last chapter of Acts—"He thanked God, and took courage," is a chastely worked-out epitome of the history of a society which, from the date of its first planting, has never swerved from the faith, and which has not had to trace its long-continued and vigorously healthy life to the equivocal labours of sensational revivalists. The sermon over, it is the last which we shall ever have an opportunity of hearing on this hallowed spot of so many grateful recollections. An almost unbroken series of services, stretching backward to the days of Laud and of the Long Parliament, are ended. The old chapel has served its day; but, as removal will not represent the extinction of the assembly, we would reverently select for its epitaph the words, "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning."

On leaving the sanctuary, we are again shocked at the riotous scene without, which shows no sign of subsiding. It is too true that the "Lane," as a common thieves' and Jews' market, has become an institution and an eyesore of the City, and has been too tenderly dealt with by the civic authorities. Our hopes regarding it are now centred in the Metropolitan Railway Company, which in a very summary manner will abolish the nuisance; although, on account of the immense cost of their undertaking, many years may elapse ere this Sunday morning rabble will be ejected from their favourite haunt. Standing as we now do in a labyrinth of unhealthy courts and close alleys, it becomes difficult to realise in the mind that this same area once smiled attractively with herded pastures and blossoming gardens. Yet it was here, in the reign of Elizabeth, that Master Jasper Fisher, citizen and goldsmith of London, erected his sumptuous mansion, and laid out its attendant luxuriant pleasure-grounds. Here, too, alas! he fell a victim to that disease of keeping up appearances, which it had been well could some kind angel have confined for ever to the "Folly," as the citizens soon learned to designate the deserted apartments.

After the estate had passed successively into the hands of the De Veres and Cavendishes, men frequently pointed at it with the finger of scorn. It was a house built by one who did not first sit down and count the cost; and hence Butler, in his "Hudibras," when he would depreciate a majority of the Long Parliament, says:—

"That represents no part of the nation  
But Fisher's Folly Congregation."

In this corner of the City, then, did William Kiffen and a few followers find a site for a house of prayer when, in or about the summer of 1638, they left the meeting at Wapping to establish themselves in London. But, because the times were dangerous, and the Laudian persecution was raging, the settlement had to be conveniently situated both for purposes of seclusion and escape; and, consequently, it seems to have been arranged that, if surprised by soldiers or informers from one direction, the members should be able to leave the chapel in an opposite one, and flee across the meadows, which then, without the City wall, stretched nearly to the shores of the Thames.

Kiffen was reared in a school of stern discipline. In his eleventh year he not only lost both parents by the plague of 1625, but many other friends whose counsel and care seemed necessary to an inexperienced youth. Early thrown on the world, he found employment in the brewhouse of that "great trouble-world and hodge-podge of religion," as he is called in the "Athenæ Oxonienses"—John Lilburne, whose service was little better than Egyptian taskwork, and whose uncongenial nature suggested the satire of a contemporary, that if the world were relieved of all save this brewer, John would quarrel with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John. Nevertheless, being a lad of brave temperament, Kiffen made the best of disadvantages, and conscientiously discharged the hard duties peculiar to his lot, and also appropriated some hours a day to self-improvement, besides attending service at his parish church at six in the morning, as was then customary. But, hard as was Kiffen's private life, it was not more unpromising than were the times. Because the Government, to the neglect of more important matters, was making strenuous efforts to promote its discipline of "Thorough," numbers crossed the Atlantic to seek in the New World that freedom denied them in England; and among these emigrants appeared John Lathorp, Kiffen's pastor. Kiffen himself resolved on braving the storm; and, in a manner he was unaware of at the time, became gradually prepared for the national crisis so fast approaching; and, after examining the controversies which divided the Church, he went over to the Puritan ranks. Deciding on doing something to relieve the abounding ignorance, he also began labouring as an evangelist, and henceforth received a full

share of coarse abuse and unwelcome missiles from the populace, and of prosecutions and imprisonment from those in power.

Passing over some minor events in the life of this seventeenth century divine, we have now to regard him as an opulent trader, promoted by almost universal consent "to the pontificacy and primacy" of his denomination. The poor among his brethren well knew where to find something more than a sympathising friend, at the home of the merchant-pastor in Crutched Friars; for, though increase of wealth and dignity brought corresponding anxiety, it never diminished his liberality.

The times were now becoming settled. The great battles of the civil war had been fought and won by the popular party. Through the Commonwealth Kiffen continued to prosper, both in the pastorate and on the Exchange. Then came the dawn of another era of trouble for England. At the Restoration the pastor found himself regarded with intense suspicion. At one time he was conspired against on account of free-trade sentiments, and at another accused of plotting to murder the king in his bedchamber; while, in one instance, an attempt was made to encompass him and his people with ruin, by forging a treasonable letter for enclosure in the western mail-bag. Nor were these the only annoyances to which one in a conspicuous station then became subject on account of religion. Kiffen and the congregation "neer Devonshire Square" were denounced and witnessed against as political conspirators; but an argument found to act most potently in conciliating the Government was a donation of ten thousand pounds, in lieu of a "loan" of forty thousand, which Charles II. graciously solicited.

We are permitted to obtain a passing but interesting glimpse into the old sanctuary during the plague time of 1665; for in that dread year the newly-appointed lecturer, Thomas Patient, was removed by death. Patient, of whom extremely little is known, appears on the scene as a man of talent and enterprise. He itinerated over England with Kiffen, and travelled with General Fleetwood in Ireland, prior to settling in London. The account of his almost tragical end is yet extant, and is written in a bold, clear hand, among the Records, whence we learn how great was the mourning when the members of several congregations, forming themselves in procession, followed the deceased from Devonshire Square to Bunhill Fields, there, in anticipation of a glorious resurrection, to lay him in the grave "in a Christian, comely, and decent manner."

Years passed away and brought their accustoming round of change, chief among which were the death of the king and Monmouth's insurrection. As is well known, Monmouth was the



favourite of a large proportion of the people, and his exclusion from the throne awakened a widespread feeling of sympathy and patriotism among those most anxious to preserve intact the Protestant institutions of England. Kiffen and his son-in-law, Benjamin Hewling, a Turkish merchant, had both served as officers in the Parliamentary army during the civil wars, and the latter, who had recently died, left two sons—both students at a Dutch university, when the venture of the ill-fated duke became the principal topic of popular conversation. Their imagination grew excited, till, in pious enthusiasm, they accepted Monmouth as the champion of truth and justice; and, taking his commission, resolved on risking life and all dear to them in a good but hazardous cause. Their accession to this little revolution was a gain greater than what might at first sight appear; for it is supposed the duke's supporters would have given a different account of themselves at the battle of Sedgemoor, could they have been led by the genius of Benjamin Hewling, who, however, during the thickest of the fight, was away at the sea-coast bringing up the guns. The capital sentence passed on these young men, and their brutal treatment by Jeffreys during the trial, has often been made a point of by historians; but the story is best told in the burning though unvarnished words of the "Western Martyrology," and written by the sister, Hannah, who witnessed the triumphant ending of her brothers' Christian course. William died at Dorchester, and Benjamin at Taunton, each being attended and comforted, in the last days of sore trial, by her whom the maidens of the West could not forbear honouring by their touching sympathy and high admiration.

In the storm which ensued—a storm principally raised by the king and the iniquitous Jeffreys—Kiffen makes a considerable figure. The now aged pastor and rich trader had offered three thousand pounds for a reprieve of his grandsons, and his daughter had gone into the royal presence to beg for mercy; but she obtained nothing better than insult from James, while the ferocious judge denounced her father as worthy only of death; and doubtless, at that particular conjuncture, the Court would have rejoiced in dispersing "Fisher's Folly congregation" by cutting off its pastor. Then the wind of the political world suddenly changed, and fair weather set in for all who chose to sacrifice self-respect. Kiffen, like many others of his order, was sent for to Whitehall, to be courted and flattered by monarch and sycophants alike. Here is the story as told by Noble, in his "Protectorial House of Cromwell"—an authority from whom the materials have come for one of Macaulay's telling passages:—"He [*i.e.*, James II.] talked of his favour to the Dissenters in

the Court style of the season, and concluded by telling Mr. Kiffen he had put him down as an alderman in his new charter. 'Sire,' replied Mr. Kiffen, 'I am an old man, and have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service, in such an office, to your Majesty or the City; besides, Sire,' continued the old man, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the king, while the tears ran down his cheeks, 'the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart which is still bleeding, and will never close but in the grave.' The king was deeply struck by the freedom and the spirit of this unexpected rebuke. A total silence ensued, while the galled countenance of James seemed to shrink from the horrid remembrance. In a minute or two, however, he recovered himself enough to say, 'Mr. Kiffen, I shall find a balsam for that sore,' and immediately turned about to a lord-in-waiting."

This episode affords us a striking insight into the times, and also into the character of the king. "Assuredly," says Macaulay, in reference to this interview, "James did not mean to say anything cruel or insolent; on the contrary, he seems to have been in an unusually gentle mood. Yet no speech that is recorded of him gives so unfavourable a notion of his character as these few words. They are the words of a hard-hearted and low-minded man, unable to conceive of any laceration of the affections for which a place or a pension would not be a full compensation." It is pleasant to find that the pastor lived to witness the triumph of liberty in the Revolution, and that his devoted granddaughter, Hannah Hewling, was happily married to Major Henry Cromwell, a grandson of the Protector. Then, as regards Jeffreys, we suppose that on no separate company of onlookers did the ruin and ignominious end of the Lord Chief Justice produce a more profound impression than on the assembly at Devonshire Square, where every member would sympathise with the sentiment of a contemporary poetaster:—

"With care this brat was reared, for fear it should  
Grow tame, and degenerate into good."

Such were the origin and early days of Devonshire Square Chapel. Want of space will preclude our giving any copious details of its subsequent history. The men who have ministered in its pulpit, though not always remarkable for social eminence, mental gifts, or learning, appear to have preached the truth with energy and success; and some of the pastors have manifested much self-denial in pursuing their life-work. In 1727 the people were served by a physician of high standing—Sayer Rudd; following whom came George Braithwaite, likewise a man of mark, and one who relinquished gay prospects and the advantages of high connections for conscience' sake.

Among the names associated with Devonshire Square during the last forty years, those of Dr. Price and John Howard Hinton occur, both having been authors whose works continue to exercise a beneficent influence on the world. The present able successor of the many eminent divines enu-

merated is the Rev. W. T. Henderson, who, in the handsome church erected for him at Stoke Newington, may, with the Divine blessing, anticipate a happy and successful future. May the glory of the latter temple exceed that of the former a hundred-fold.

## THE THREE WISHES.

## PART II.

**I**N his dream, Henry Sinclair knew well that he was at a turning-place which would give a direction to the remainder of his life. What should he wish for? He seemed to see Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon beckon him down one avenue, but the fingers they raised toward him were red with human blood. Rich feasts were spread in a grove that shaded another, and there was music, and a sound of dancing feet; but Henry did not forget (because he was still upon his knees) to ask where this road led; and a giddy laugh came back, and a cry that it led to no place, none who entered it went any further, they feasted and danced and laughed until they died. "And then—?" No voice answered, but he seemed to hear many sighs, and the music took a wailful tone. And then he thought of learning, but feared pride; and wealth, but dreaded self-indulgence; and long life, but shrank back lest his energies should be relaxed by the certainty of having time enough, and he should slowly rust instead of swiftly wearing out.

His hour was almost expired when he suddenly thought of the difference between asking gifts for himself, and asking for changes in himself. How wonderfully, sadly much, he needed within his own heart! Faith, Humility, Love would be three good gifts—no danger in asking these. And then he saw how even one wish could embrace them all, and leave two more to be enjoyed afterward. He would ask, he at last determined, first, for a perfectly Christlike spirit—secondly, for the strongest mind which such a spirit could use as a great instrument for the honour of God—thirdly, for the body which could labour best and longest at the bidding of such a spirit and brain. Having these, he could well trust his God to supply all wants from without—all money, food, raiment, influence, opportunity, that would give them extended usefulness.

When his mind was thus made up and quieted, he returned to the place of meeting, and though nothing more than usual was to be seen, yet, heedful of the promise that the angel would hear his wishes, he spoke—"Spirit! I ask, first of all, for a perfectly Christlike spirit."

No sooner did he pronounce the words than the angel shone upon him with dazzling lustre, full of

approval, yet, not without a mixture of correction also.

"Thou hast well judged," he said, "and the grace of God has honour, in asking not fading fame, nor slothful ease, nor worldly advantage. But ill hast thou judged in asking now from me what only God gives, and allows all to ask at any time. Yet will I reward thy wise desire by the warning to ask him first for this unspeakable gift, before naming those other wishes which I read already in thy bosom."

So Henry cried aloud to God for a perfectly Christlike heart. And when it seemed that the answer might well come, the angel that spoke with him drew near and said, "Even Christ's manhood was made perfect through suffering," and Henry felt his cold cold hand laid upon his forehead, and knew him to be the Angel of Pain.

Long years rolled over the boy, and in his dream he was a man, poor, despised, racked with terrible pangs until he often thought at sunset that he would surely die to-night. But ever, with the increasing pain, a deepening river of grace poured into the suffering heart; ever he felt more content to lie on a sick-bed in a garret, to sleep none for anguish, to understand the pain of his Redeemer's cross, to be drawn into sympathy with the Man of Sorrows. Ever he felt also a deepening compassion for the afflicted, and most of all for the afflicted who had no heavenly comfort. Ever the veil grew thinner between this world and the world of spirits, and his Lord was nigher and nigher, and the great prayer of Jesus to his Father worked its will—"I in them, and thou in me, that we all may be one." And thus God daily drew him up toward the sublime elevation of his wish, toward a perfectly Christlike heart.

Not until many an elder year had followed those of boyhood in obscurity and pain, did the angel become visible again. "Mortal," he said, "mortal brother of all that is immortal, not one of thy wishes has yet been asked of me, since what has been gained comes by prayer from God. What wilt thou? Is strength of mind to think for God, or strength of body to work for God, still uppermost in thy desire?"

But the sufferer shook his head. "I have learned," he answered, "not to lean upon brain, or muscle, for my appointed service. In pain I have fought battles

and won victories over invisible foes, not by thoughtfulness but by faith. My feebleness has been the appointed way of my instruction—how then shall I ask it to be turned away? If in the Gospel foolish things and poor and weak have been often chosen to confound the mighty and wise and strong, why should I ask to be wiser or stronger than my Father has thought right that I should be? No, I am here by his decision, and here I shall stay until he bids me rise and walk, using my own wishes and regrets as poor offerings to lay upon an altar which can sanctify even these. I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

"And hast thou no desires, O mortal, to make known to my power and my goodwill? Bethink thee, for seldom, and only for wise ends, may the veil that severs us be lifted."

The sick man wavered, and the shadow of a mighty conflict darkened his worn face. Yet there was no struggle in his words when they came at length, distinct and clear: "I have wishes, many and dear; wishes for life, for death, for eternity. Yea, and I thank thee for that pity which comes nearest to pain, though painless, of all emotions of the blessed. Yet hast thou thyself taught me, years ago, to whom these desires are to be spoken. Not for my soul only will I make request of him, but for daily bread, and relief from my fleshly thorn. If he grants it, thanks to him for his mercy; if he refuses, woe is me should I appeal to any other against his sentence. 'O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.'"

The angel smiled, and spread his starry wings for flight.

"Mortal, the hour is come, and the fullest fruition of thy wish draws nigh. Thou didst ask to be made like Christ; and, behold, in thine agony thou hast shared at once the bitterness of his cup and the words of his submission. Prepare for one more pang." As he spoke, he approached once more, and now the Angel of Pain was seen to be the Angel of Death. One more icy touch upon the brow, one thrill of intensest anguish, one shudder from head to foot, and the two spirits soared up together from the room in which a corpse lay cold.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dream was over. Cold as the corpse he dreamed of was the dreamer when he awoke in a chair before the ashes of an extinguished fire; but the lesson was learned, and he no longer bewailed his fate because there are no fairies to befriend us, no gins or sorcerers to oppress or serve us, nothing wonderful in all our sordid life—unless, indeed, we consent to see the marvel of this, that Eternal God will hear no limited number of requests, will arrest the wanton or mischievous or profane, but will shower down, from an open and lavish hand of love, every good and perfect gift.

### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

254. The command, "Thou shalt not let any of thy seed pass through the fire to Moloch," was transgressed by two Jewish kings. Who were they?

255. What is the first instance of "the terror of God" being exerted on behalf of the chosen people?

256. What three reasons are assigned for the chosen people not getting immediate possession of the promised land?

257. By what similitude does St. Peter illustrate the place prophecy holds as a part in the Divine Revelation?

258. The Pentateuch contains two injunctions relating to the Book of the Law itself. Give them.

259. Prove that faith was a precept inculcated under the Old Testament dispensation.

260. Quote a passage from the Psalms in which it is very clear that David refers to Ahithophel.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 736.

241. St. Mark (vi. 3) enumerates the whole family, but makes no mention of Joseph. St. John (ii. 12) says, "After this he went down to Capernaum, he, and his mother, and his brethren, and his disciples." And at the crucifixion Jesus commends his mother to the disciple whom he loved, and that disciple took her to his own home. Now, had Joseph been living, there would have been no necessity for this.

242. Gen. xiv. 18—Melchizedek is styled "The priest of the Most High God." Exod. ii. 16—"Jethro the priest of Midian." Exod. xix. 22—"And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves."

243. Five times. Matt. i. 1, 18; Mark i. 1; John i. 17; and John xvii. 3.

244. Numb. xxxiii. 2. Moses's account of the goings out of the Israelites according to their journeys.

245. Judah ordering his daughter-in-law to be burned (Gen. xxxviii. 24). If a man married a wife and her mother, they were to be burned (Lev. xx. 14). If the daughter of a priest were guilty of unchastity she was to be burned (Lev. xxi. 9).

246. See Hosea i. 10, xi. 8, xii. 3, 4, 12.

247. Josh. xix. 29. "Then the coast turneth to Ramah, and to the strong city Tyre."

248. In Acts vii. 4 Stephen says that Abraham left Charran after his father's death; but from Gen. xi. 26 and xii. 4 it would seem that his father had lived sixty years after Abraham's departure from Haran. — Again, he says that Jacob was buried in the "sepulchre that Abraham bought of the sons of Emmor," whereas Gen. xxxiii. 19 says it was Jacob made this purchase. — Stephen says seventy-five people came into Egypt with Jacob; Gen. xli. 27 says, "All the souls of the house of Jacob, which came into Egypt, were threescore and ten."